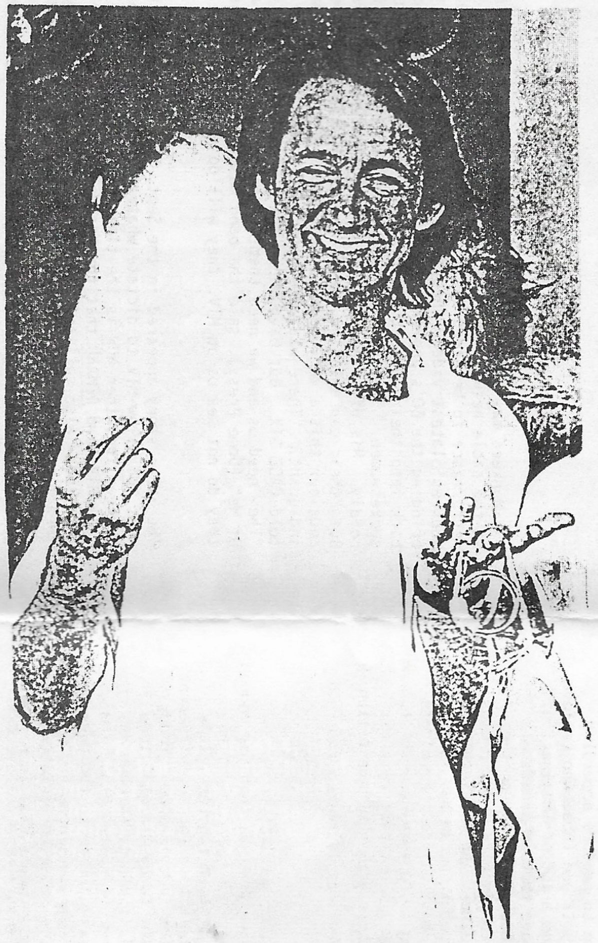
For Pete's Sake

MERRY CHRISTMAS

NEW TORK TIMES

A Publication of For Pete's Sake December/January 1988 #6



MERRY CHRISTMAS, TORKEES!! Peter's solo concert tour will begin sometime after the new year. As yet we do not have the tour schedule but as soon as we get our hands on it we will send everyone a copy so that you can plan your schedules in accordance.

Radio Station WBAU in Garden City, NY aired a three hour "Monkeemania Special" on August 19 and as their special guest they chose Peter Tork. Due to the overwhelming response to this program, Station WBAU has decided to air a weekly Monkees program on Saturdays from 5:00 to 6:00 and will feature music, rarities, interviews, contests, guests and phone calls from fans. Althought the program can't be heard nationawide they would like Monkee fans from all over the country to participate by calling in and writing. The best news is that if you send tapes they will make copies of the programs for you. In this time when MTV and most radio stations virtually shun the Monkees refusing to play their new music and denying the fans their audience, we feel that what station WBAU is doing is truly honourable. And we salute them. Write to: John DiMaio, Music Director, WBAU AM&FM, P.O. Box 365, Garden City, NY 11530. Phone number is (516)747-4757.

The Monkees filmed their new video on October 9th and 10th in LA. "Every Step Of The Way" made its video debut on Nick Rocks on November 6th. It features Peter playing a broom, Micky playing drums on a set of garbage cans and Davy singing into a carrot microphone as well as a few quick glimpses of the audience in Lake Tahoe. The release date of the new single was November 18. The flip side is a live version of "I'll Love You Forever" and a special picture disc version will also be available soon. Contact your local record stores.

Another matter of importance we would like to remind you of is that of the Monkees being denied their star on the Walk of Fame. We strongly urge everyone to write letters and sign those petitions and get them sent to the chairman of the Walk of Fame. Let's not let them get away with this injustice. That address is: Johnny Grant, Chairman, Walk of Fame Committee, c/o KTLA TV, 5800 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90028. Our guys deserve their star and it is long over due.

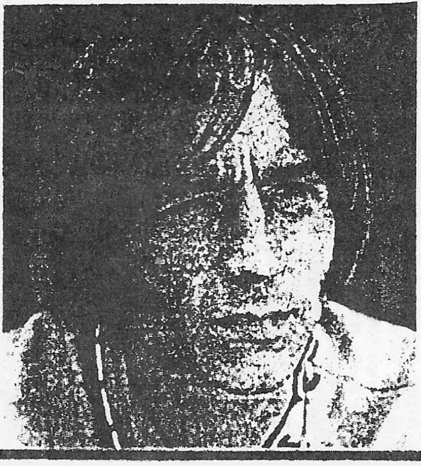
We want to thank everyone who sent in contributions to the Christmas present for Peter. The scrapbook is complete and we are making available copies of the original, which was sent to Peter, to our members until January 15, 1988. The cost is $6.00 which covers copying and postage.

On the mailing cover of this newsletter is a small box in the lower left hand corner. If there is a check in this box it means that this is the last issue of your yearly membership and it is time to renew. Because of the cost in printing and postage of a bi-monthly newsletter we have had to raise the dues from $5.00 to $7.00. When you renew your membership you will receive a free photo of Peter:

FOR PETE'S SAKE STATS: For Pete's Sake began fan club operations in February of 1987. During that time our club has grown to 319 members. 306 are female and 13 are male. 43 of our members are aged 3 to 13, 148 are aged 14 to 19, 73 are aged 20 to 29, 42 are aged 30 to 39, and 5 are aged 40 to 49. of those stating their age. The officers of the club are: President: Julie Adams, Vice-President: Tammy Hofheins, Secretary: Teresa Hofheins.

In this issue we have the last installment of When The Music Mattered, part two of the Devil and Peter Tork by Susan Santo, More pics of Peter as a young boy, an article on Monkee Week at Lake Tahoe as well as some other articles on the Monkees which may be of interest to you. Hope you enjoy this issue. Reminder: call MTV and request the new video "Every Step Of The Way" several times a day!!!

We wish a very special Happy Birthday to Ivan Thorkelson, December 22, and to Hallie Thorkelson, January 25. For Pete's Sake Officers wish you a very Merry Christmas and may all your New Year's dreams come true. Peace & Love!



From: When The Music Mattered by Bruce Pollock Installment #3

In the mid-seventies, Tork's place in the human scheme of things was anything but clear. "I was kind of half wanting to get my career back together again, but not doing a great deal about it," he said. "I was playing odds and ends here and there and not making out terribly well. The woman I was living with, who would later become my wife, was teaching at a school on the beach in southern California. Through the grapevine we heard that there was a job open at a small private school in Santa Monica." Another ego might have found the shift in rank disastrous, a falling from grace to mere mortalhood, with the screams of the crowds==instead of the alarm clock--still ringing in your ears.

"I believe I'm meant to do whatever it is I don," Torkstated. "I don't want to say it was easy, but sometimes getting up at eleven o'clock is not easy for me now." The two professions were not entirely dissimilar. "You try to be of use," he said. "You try not to just while away the empty hours, either as an entertainer or a teacher. The long-term relationship that you build up in teaching with what could be compared to an audience has a dynamic of its own--that I found to be very interesting. But the thrill of a good job of entertaining, when you know you're hot, is really unmatched for me."

Tork taught English at this school for a year until its director died and the school collapsed. He found another teaching job at a different school, one that had a much more restrictive atmosphere. "What had gotten me out of organized show business in the first place," said Tork, "were the tensions involved with having to deal with power-hungry people. I thought, if this is what show business is like, I don't want to have any part of it. Then, when I worked at this highly autocratic school, I found exactly the same things going on. It was at that point that I finally decided to make my push for show business again. I thought I might as well do what I like to do, where there's a chance for the big bucks. Even if I don't have them, at least I'll be doing what I enjoy."

But the transition from pleasant youthful memory to an ongoing modern-day concern is hardly simple. Tork no longer has a machine behind him. "When you stop working the formula, people who were depending on you to produce according to the formula desert you, and you're left only with yourself and those who believe in you in the long run regardless of the formula. It takes a lot of imagination, a lot of heart. But that's my hope for myself--that I have that imagination."

Unfortunately, his decision to return to the boards has meant leaving the home he established for himself in Venice, California, with his wife and two kids. "We're still married," said Tork. "I'm still the kids' father. We all love each other. There's no dispute on any of those issues. I happen to be in New York where I have a career, and they are in Venice, where they have a life. My wife's career is beginning to come along, and I think she's going to be very successful. I see them regularly, not nearly as often as I'd like, and I'm not part of their lives on a daily basis, which is a drag. But it's just the way things have fallen down. There's no career for me in Los Angeles. But in New York, within a two or three hour drive, it's possible for a person to find enough clubs that pay enough money so you can make a living.

"So, while it's potentially possible that we might get back together, it's not likely, certainly not in the forseeable future. We both have far too different fates to work out. I think it's terrible for the kids that Daddy's gone. Daddy didn't leave in anger, which I think is an improvement, but Daddy did go. Then again, my parents were together all my life and I had to put myself through an incredible school of hard knocks before I came to any sense of self-worth. I'm still coming to grips with the feeling that there is support for me in the outside world. I'm still relating on a day by day basis with my own loneliness and isolation. I've had some blead moments, of course, and I'll continue to have them, but I t5rust that if I stay in contact with my source, that my bleakest moments will be a prelude and a vehicle to other times."

While he does not keep as close tabs on his other family, his machine-made Monkee family, Tork isn't out of touch either. Touring with Peter Tork & the New Monks in Japan, he encountered Davy Jones, with his own variation of the Monkee theme. Micky Dolenz, when last Tork hear, was producing and directing an children's show in England. Mike Nesmith has achieved prominence as an actor and director of Musical video productions, a leader in the quirky new field of video-rock. "Mike also hit a low point financially," said Tork, "but he inherited from Liquid Paper. Micky did the best, I think, because he came from a showbiz family, and they knew what they were doing, so he made out like a champ."

The championship season metaphor is one that Tork would not reject out of hand. "Yeah, you won the championship that year and you applaud all the other guys because you won. Then you remember the fist fights you had out behind the stadium. In any quartet there are six pairs of relaitonships and each one had its positives and negatives. I loved them differently and respected them differently and not in proportion to my loving of them--in fact, it was in inverse proportion, if the truth be known.

"What's happened to me in my life since then hasn't been so disastrous," he said. "I could have wished to have betterfianacial resources at the present time, but so what? I've got my three hots and a cot and I have friends. I know I'm going to eat and I know I'm going to sleep and I know I'm going to have company. And I have a career, for Christ's sake. It's not tearing down the walls and breaking up the halls at the present moment, but I'm playing. I've got musicians--good guys, with lots of talent. I have no particular wants. I have odds and ends of desires running loose that may or may not ever be satisfied, but who cares? The really important stuff is right now, this very minute."

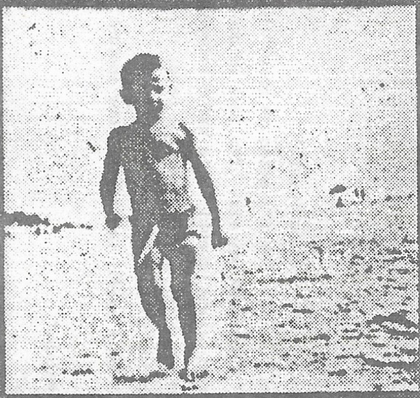
No Monkee business on MTV

The Monkees may be taking the last train to obscurity if MTV execs have their way. Honchos at the cable network were so irked when the band pulled out at the last minute from a live performance to be aired during last January's Super Bowl, they're refusing now to run the Monkees' latest video, "Heart and Soul". MTV bigwigs, who were largely responsible for bringing the 60's pop group back into the public eye last year, are saying they can climb back into their 20-year old barrel. "We had a great run with the Monkees," declared an MTV spokeswomen. "However, we feel it is over--we have saturated our audience," she added coldly. MTV officially denies any link between the snafu and the refusal to play the video. But "their cancellation was very close to airtime," the spokeswoman noted. "We do not consider this a very good way to do business." Davy Jones, the likeable British member, is indignant. "There was life before MTV, and there were Monkees before MTV," Jones huffily told PAGE SIX. But Davy hopes there will be an armistice. "We are as big as MTV," he said. "They need us and we need them." Jones, who recently authored a book "They Made A Monkee Out Of Me" (Dome Press), said the band has thousands of fans out there clamering for them. "If they do not see us on MTV, they will go somewhere else," he said.

The above story appeared in the Sept. 1st edition of the New York Post. As Monkees Fans, we must NOT allow MTV to dictate what videos we can or cannot watch. If you call yourself a true Monkees fan, then NOW is the time to show the guys the YOU support them 1,000%! Write and call MTV, and DEMAND that the Monkees "Heart and Soul" video be played and put into heavy rotation. Also call and write your local radio stations and DEMAND that they play the Monkees "Heart and Soul" single plus selections from "Pool It"! Threaten to boycott advertised sponsors and hit MTV and the redio stations where it hurts: THE WALLET!!
SHOW MTV THAT MONKEE FANS ARE MAD AS HELL AND NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE!!!
CALL 1-800-DIAL MTV (Toll Free) of write:

MTV
ATTN: PROGRAM DIRECTOR
1775 Broadway
New York, NY 10019

FAVE ALBUM PIX!

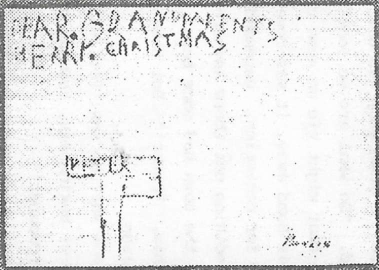


Muscleman Peter dug the beach so much he thought he might become a beachcomber —at the age of 3 1/2.

When Peter was about 4, his dad, Lt. Halston John Thorkelson, had to go to Berlin and brought his family along. Brother Nicki (center) had joined the family a year earlier. Peter looks too cute to be believed.

Here's Peter on a street in Berlin with his best German friend, Ralph, squinting in the sun, and Addie, his boxer friend attacking him from behind.

When Peter was 5, the family had gone to Elsinore, Denmark. Here he is posing in front of Hamlet's castle.



DEAR. GRANDPARENTS
MERRY. CHRISTMAS

PETER

While in Germany, Peter sent this Christmas card to his grandparents in New York. His artistic talents were already obvious.

Tork

Peter loved when evening time came around, cause it meant hearing his mother, Virginia Hope Strauss Thorkelson (her friends call her Ginni) read nursery rhymes to him and Nick.

Back in the States, here's fierce looking Peter, now 7, with his mother. They were on a summer vacation in the Adirondack Mts., N.Y.

NEXT MONTH PETER CONTINES HIS TRAVELS IN PIX!

The Devil and Peter Tork   adaptation by Susan Santo   Part Two

They'd walked for hours, it seemed, beyond the town and across a vast barren snow-covered plain, but Peter was not tired. Nor was he cold, he realized, although he'd brought no jacket. In some curious way the demon who served as his tormentor was his protector as well. They came to a cave. Around the entrance the snow had melted, leaving a patch of brown dying grass. "Inside," Mr. Zero said. He went in without waiting for an answer.

Peter hesitated. If he were to run very fast, he might get away. But he couldn't risk it. He was afraid of what Mr. Zero might do to his friends. So, instead, he followed.

And down, down they went, into the bowels of the earth. it was dark and cold and still. The passage grew narrower and they had to feel their way along with their hands. In the darkness they saw light ahead. It was not the warming light of the sun, but a cold, hostile glow from some artificial source. Nor could it be the rumored fires of Hell, for the cold ws so intense that frost formed on the cave walls and icycles hung from the ceiling. Then they emerged into the land of the Underworld.

The Underworld is a world much like ours above. Here the inhabitants must wait for an eternity, condemned to live out their lives in a place neither Heaven nor Hell. The stone above that served as the sky was as gray as the sky of the world beyond. People walked by them on the streets, eyes lowered. 'Is this it?" said Peter. He could not bring himself to say "Hell." He smiled at two children, but they only looked at him in fear and ran past.

Mr. zero shook his head. "Merely the land that circles it."

"I think I've seen it sometimes in dreams."

"Pleasant dreams, I'm sure."

"I was trying to secape and I couldn't find my way out." He hesitated. "You sent me those dreams, didn't you?"

The loud wailing of voices interrupted him. Peter looked around, yet saw no one.

"What's that?"

"The people crying."

"Why are they crying?"

"People suffer around you every day. Have you nover noticed it before?"

Peter was silent. "When I played the harp," he said finally, "it made them happy."

"Yes, and that made you happy, didn't it?"

"You know, it was almost worth it."

Their eyes met. Mr. Zero permitted himself a faint smile. 'I do believe you mean that." He snapped his fingers and the town dissolved into smoke. When the smoke cleard, they were standing in front of an opulent palace. Peter looked at it, awed. "My mansion," the demon said.

"You live here?"

"At times, yes. Come." The massive door slid open. They went inside and walked through a long hallway. Doors on either side were partially open. Peter, peering in, saw that the rooms were elegantly furnished and there were many fine paintings on the walls. Music played, wiolins and a cello. but Mr. zero led him into none of these grand rooms. Instead he ushered Peter inside an empty room witha concrete floor. "Here we wait."

"For what?"

"For you to be judged." He gave Peter a rough shove.

Peter fell, lay sprawled on the floor face down. An intense shaft of light covered him. He closed his eyes, but he could still see the light. Mr. zero's laugh rang out above him. God, help me, he thought. but he was beyond God's help.

The door to the pawn shop was bolted shut, but they broke it down and ran inside. It was deserted. "So what are we looking for?" Davy said.

"Anything that might vie us some clues,' Mike answered. He ran his hand along a shelf. When he took his hand away, it was covered with a fine black soot, as though the store had been there for centuries, untended.

"There's nothing out there anymore," Mickysaid awed, looking through the window into the void where the town had once been. As he spoke a bright light flashed into the darkness.

They saw him. "Peter!" But they could not touch him. Their hands reaching out touched only the cld glass.

And they saw what he saw, felt what he felt. Every mistake that Peter had ever made, every instance of unkindness, thoughtlessness, he was being made to view. "I'm sorry, don't make me remember!"

--the time, not so long ago, when he'd helf the harp and said to Mike, "You're just jealous," and had seen the pain on Mike's face. For, inspite of their friendship, there had always been a bit of rivalry between them when it came to music. Mike could not help it that his parents had been poor and he had never received any formal musical training, but had taught himself to play the guitar. Peter played seven instruments and had read music since childhood. And Mike envied him for it and they both knew it.

--the time he had been angry at Davy for making a date with a girl that Peter adored but had been tooshy to ask out himself, and so when she'd called one evening when Davy was not home, he'd told her that Davy was dating someone sles, which wasn't true. But his remark had the inteded effect. Davy hadn't seen much of her after that.

--the time Micky had said, "You're my best friend, Pete," after a particularly intense conversation and Peter had said nothing, because Mike was the one he wanted to impress, even if he did feel closer to Micky. And Micky had looked hurt and changed the subject.

All these things, and more, Peter saw. Mike stumbled away, grabbed a chair, shouted, "Get back," and threw it at the window as Davy and Micky jumped away. The glass shattered. A thousand Peters weeping, then replaced by the winter street.

"What did you do that for?" Micky said, furious.

"I thought it would help."

"You didn't think at all!"

Their voices rose.

"Stop it," Davy said. "This isn't helping Peter."

Hearing the door open, they turned. "What's going on here?" the policeman said.

"Nothing at all, Officer,' Mike said quickly. "We just forgot our key."

"Is that so?" The owner complained recently he'd had a valuable harp stolen."

"A harp?" Micky said. "Do you know anything about a harp, fellows?"

They shook their heads, trying to look innocent.

"You see, we're his sons," Davy said. He realized the instant he'd said it how ridiculour it sounded.

"Your accents don't even match."

"We had different mothers."

"All fight, boys. You're coming into the station with me."

"Uh, who is that behind you?" Micky said.

The policeman turned to look.

"Run!"

They ran. Out the door and down the narrow streets, sliding and slipping over ice-covered pavements, breathing hard, their cheeks red from the cold. Davy lost his balance, and they grabbed his hands and pulled him along. Then they were beyond the town, running through a snow-covered field. A white bird with vivid red wings soared overhead. It called to them, and somehow they knew to follow it. And it led them to the cave.

They walked through the town of the Underworld. If the people knew that these three young men did not bvelong there, they said notheing to them about it. "It's not fair," Davy said. "Those things that Peter remembered, everyone has done things like that. None of us are perfect. But Peter's better than most."

"But he doesn't believe it," micky said. "He doesn't believe in himself anymore."

"The thing is," Mike said, "do we still believe in him?"

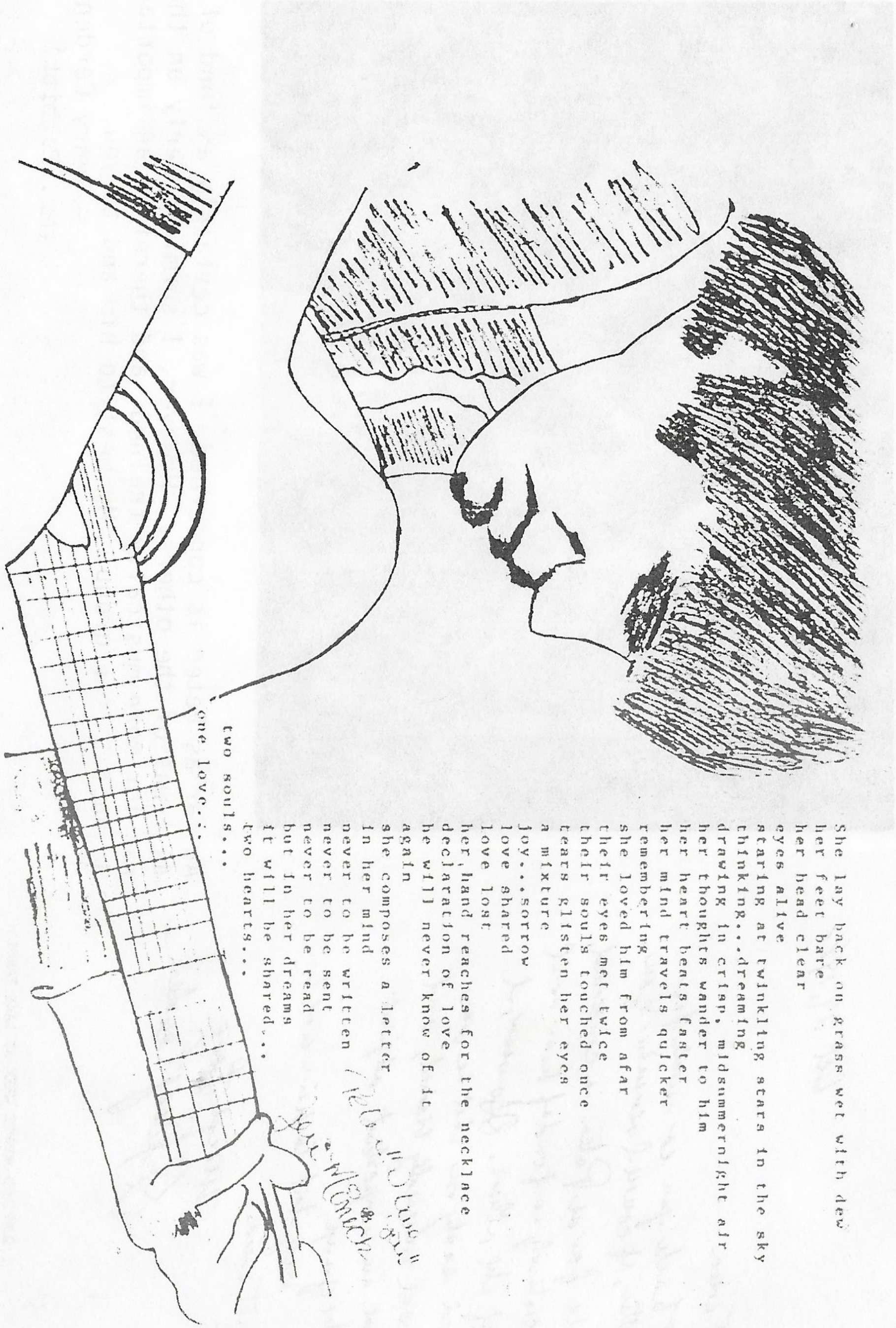
They looked at him. "That's a stupid question," Micky said.

"Maybe to us. But not to Peter. He feels he's let us down. If we try to concentrate really hard maybe we can reach him with our minds."

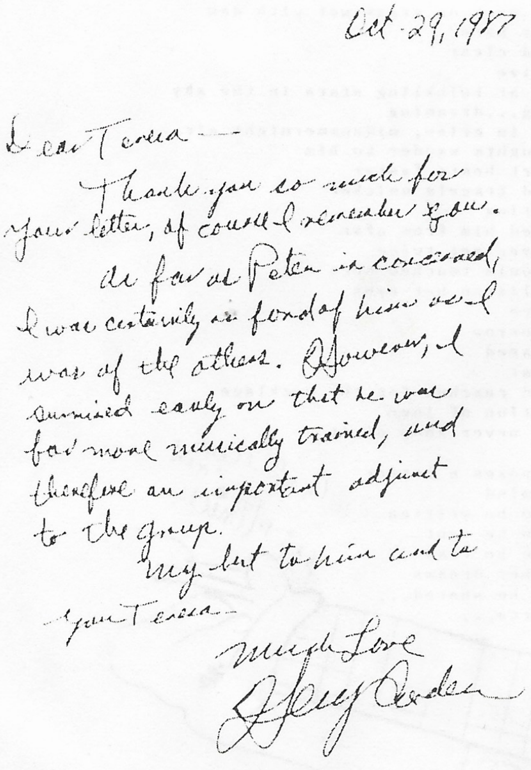
"That's crazy," Davy said.

"This whole situation is crazy."

So they tried.



She lay back on grass wet with dew
her feet bare
her head clear
eyes alive
staring at twinkling stars in the sky
thinking...dreaming
drawing in crisp, midsummernight air
her thoughts wander to him
her heart beats faster
her mind travels quicker
remembering
she loved him from afar
their eyes met twice
their souls touched once
tears glisten her eyes
a mixture
joy...sorrow
love shared
love lost
her hand reaches for the necklace
declaration of love
he will never know of it
again
she composes a letter
in her mind
never to be written
never to be sent
never to be read
but in her dreams
it will be shared...
two hearts...
two souls...
one love...



Oct. 29, 1987

Dear Teresa —

Thank you so much for
your letter, of course I remember you.

As far as Peter is concerned,
I was certainly as fond of him as I
was of the others. However, I
surmised early on that he was
far more musically trained, and
therefore an important adjunct
to the group.

My best to him and to
you Teresa —

Much Love
Henry Corden

As far as Peter is concerned, I was certainly as fond of him as I was of the others. However, I surmised early on that he was for more musically trained, and therefore an important adjunct to the group. My best to him and to you!

--Henry Corden
(Mr. Babbitt)

I SURVIVED MONKEE WEEK AT LAKE TAHOE!

Monkee fans from everywhere descended on Harrah's in Lake Tahoe for one week. Some could only stay for a few days while others stayed the whole week. We came from all over the country from different backgrounds but with one undeniable bone between us, WE LOVE THREE GUYS NAMED PETER, DAVY AND MICKY. We got to know one another, shared experiences with each other, laughed with one another, and when the week ended, we cried together.

Being a Monkees fan for 21 years, I didn't think anything could top their concerts performed all across the country. But I can truly say the week at Tahoe was like a dream come true. I had the good fortune to meet and talk with Peter and Davy. After wanting this for so long, I cannot believe my mouth actually formed the words that I heard coming from it. I expressed my enthusiasm over the new album and how wonderful the shows were. They were both sincerely appreciative of what I had to say and really listened to me. I have been disappointed when meeting performers before and I guess I always wondered what it would be like to meet my most favorite entertainers of all. My fears were quickly put to rest when they looked me in the eyes, smiled and made me feel like what I had to say really mattered to them. I had always loved them as performers but I left Tahoe feeling that they were nice people too!

Since we were there every night for both shows, we were soon able to repeat the dialogue along with the guys and do other crazy things with them. But I have to explain that everything was done in complete fun and love for our guys and they seemed to thrive on it. When we asked one of the band members if we should stop, he said, "No, don't stop." When Davy was asked in an interview on a local news report about the shows, he said, "It's like a Rocky Horror Picture Show but was rather pleasant."

First was their opening act, comedian Bobby Kelton. We could not have anticipated what a great guy he was going to turn out to be. He said we were the best thing that ever happened to him because he had to continually keep presenting new material. He always referred to himself as a COMEDIAN/SLASH/SINGER and when we presented him with a T-shirt stating such, he was thrilled. And you can imagine how thrilled we were when he walked out on the last night, opened his jacket, showed the shirt and said, "I am a COMEDIAN/SLASH/SINGER".

For those of you who were not fortunate enough to be there, I wanted to share some of what went on. When Micky was singing "She" and it comes to the part "She fed me dirt", you should have seen his face when two girls plopped a bag saying "DIRT" on the stage. He was so tickled, he missed his cue. Then, when he was doing "Goin' Down" and it came time for him to fall, someone had a pillow waiting for him with a sign saying, "SOFT LANDING AREA". He thought it was so funny that he had to pick it up and show it to the band. There was also the part where he checks someone's watch for the time. You can just imagine his reaction when one night he was presented with a wrist with an alarm clock strapped to it and then another night, an hourglass. When Davy says "Petah, Petah, Petah" and Peter follows with "I think I heard this in a Syrian bread commercial", they laughed when pita bread was tossed on the stage. Sometimes they would even stop in the middle of their act and tell us to finish, saying we knew it better than they. Then there was the time they tried to throw us off with something new. Micky looked at us, smiled and told us to get new scripts.

Then there was the last night. Peter, Davy and Micky decided to turn the tables on us but what they didn't know was that the band, crew and family members decided to make it a night to remember for all. During the "Valerie" routine when our "David Lee Jones" states everyone is wearing it and Peter looks out in the audience, their faces were something to see when ten crew members including David Lewis came walking out on stage with Tiger Suits on. Peter laughingly says, "I can't believe you guys". Ten fans had bought the suits for this joke and it came off just perfectly. When it came time for Peter to bring out the inflatable woman, Helen (Trina's sister) comes out "THE DOOR" wearing a monkey mask and proceeds to finish this skit with Micky, who is so tickled he can hardly perform. Then Peter went to open "THE DOOR" for Micky for the "Through the Looking Glass" routine, out steps a sexily dressed girl who does her seductive walk across the stage, and ends by walking over to Peter and rubbing up and down his side. Peter, looking so completely innocent, says, "If I like this, Jennifer will never forgive me". When Micky finally does his routine in the Spanish dress, we throw on stage a black and red lace bra. Peter picks it up and Micky says, "Peter, don't bring your personal problems on stage with you." Peter then politely places the bra on his head and walks off. Instead of immediately going into his "Cripple Creek" performance, Peter threw us a curve by doing "Folsom Prison Blues". It was great!

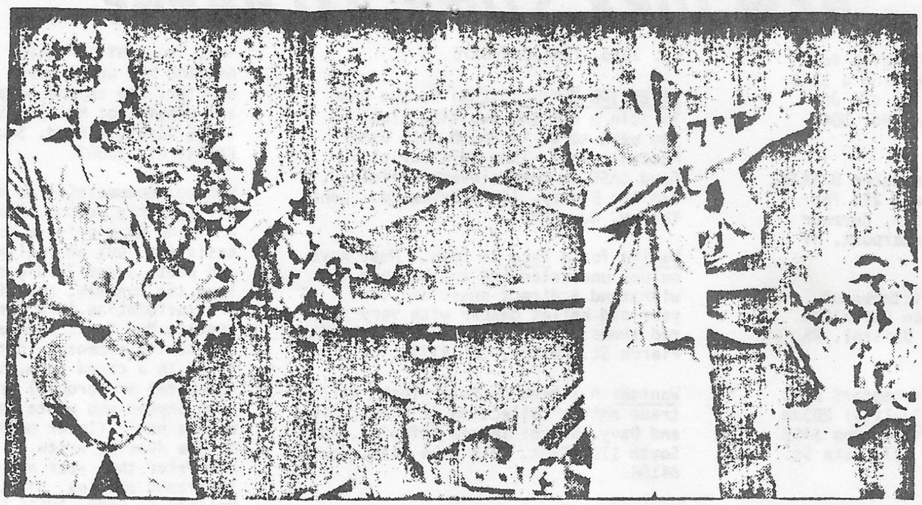
Then they gave us the best surprise of all. In addition to Davy's wonderful performance of "Every Step of the Way", Micky performed "Don't Bring Me Down" and Peter did "Gettin' In". You can not imagine the excitement that was pulsing through the audience. All in all it was a night to remember and the end to a week that I'll never forget. We gave them T-shirts stating "I Survived the Lake Tahoe Audience '87" and posters addressed to each saying "WE LOVE YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY". We signed the posters and included our city and state so they would know we had come from all over the country to show how much we love them.

Being able to meet Maggie McManus, Anne O'Reilly, Helen Pantuso, and all of my other Monkee Pen Pals in person made that week in Tahoe one of the best times of my life. I left Tahoe that Friday morning a little depressed but I started thinking of the new friends I had made from all over the country and I immediately felt better because I realized I was taking a part of each one of them back with me. I felt that I had made friends that I would keep and that as long as we band together and give Peter, Davy, Micky and Mike the support they so richly deserve no matter what they do, we will always be together.

Jessie Broom
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Monkees didn't deserve all the shrieks

By TINA MAPLES
Journal entertainment writer



Journal photo by Richard Brodzeller

The Monkees — Peter Tork (foreground, from left), Mickey Dolenz and Davy Jones — played their hits from the '60s Saturday night at the Marcus Amphitheater

Saturday's pairing of acts at the Marcus Amphitheater was a study in extremes of calculated wackiness: a man who parodied pop songs opening for a band that was a good-natured parody of itself. Neither was very convincing.

The frenetic weirdness of "Weird Al" Yankovic's hour-long opener was sorely lacking once the Monkees took the stage.

Monkeemania seems to have faded since the group played to a two-show crowd of 25,000 last summer at the State Fair. Saturday's audience of 6,693 shrieked obligingly throughout the concert, but the three original members of the group, backed by an eight-man band, expended little effort to deserve all the adoration.

The biggest surprise of the night was the lack of chemistry between Micky Dolenz, Davy Jones and Peter Tork. They pranced around a playground that included a surfboard, a lava lamp, an inflated dinosaur and signs that read "No Diving Allowed" and "Hard Hat Area." Yet the Monkees never even got dirt under their fingernails when it came to stage antics.

Where was the joking, the warm interplay, the wild body language and mugging that made the made-for-TV band the darling of the '60s? Vocals were never the Monkees' strong point, but when skipping across the front of the stage passed for staging, listening to the quality of the sound took on an unwelcome emphasis.

Each member's TV personality was alluded to more often than it was actually demonstrated. The lanky Tork, the "dumb one," didn't seem slow as much as drained and bored, sliding into an expressionless stupor whenever he wasn't the featured singer. Wisely, his colorless, slightly off-key vocals weren't showcased often.

The Monkees got somewhat more spunky once the tiny Jones warmed to his role as a clown. After an unfocused, lackluster opening, Jones proved he could still get away with playing cute, doffing a jaunty hat and striped coat or a ridiculous zebra-striped spandex suit and rock star wig for "Valerie."

It was Dolenz who proved himself the best singer and showman when he dashed out from behind his drum kit for "Stepping Stone" and last summer's catchy single "That Was Then, This Is Now."

Yankovic was considerably more animated, kicking off his set with one of his most clever, elaborate parodies "Like a Surgeon," which featured the old sawing-the-man-in-half trick and the curly-haired Yankovic rolling on the stage Madonna-style in surgical scrubs.

The above article was written by Tina Maples. This is the kind of biased journalism we as Monkee fans will not stand for. We all saw the concerts this year and we know that this year's show was nothing less than exceptional. We urge you to write to this woman and express your opinion to this demeaning article. The address is: Tina Maples, c/o Journal/Sentinal Inc., 333 W. State St., P.O. Box 661, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0661

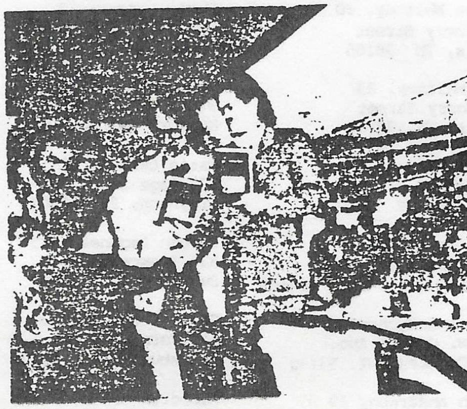
Special Personal Ad

Dear Eydie:
We'll always have Tahoe! Have a Merry Christmas. Miss ya, Babe.

Love,
Steve

MONKEE MADDNESS

KGLD and The Monkees teamed up September first to help Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (MADD) raise over six thousand dollars by bringing 250 Monkee fans together for lunch at J. Hunter's. Mickey Dolenz and Peter Tork auctioned off Monkee memorabilia to make "Daydream Believers" out of the lucky bidders and raise an additional thousand dollars of MADD money. On his way to the concert at the Fox, Davey Jones dropped by the KGLD studio for an interview with afternoon dee-jay, Rick Wallace.



*** PETER TORK LOVE PROJECT ***

PETER TORK is a very talented and beautiful human being who has been through a lot but never wants to hide this fact. He took time out of his busy schedule to perform at the benefit for Impact Hospital Drug & Rehabilitation Center and always talks honestly about his past in trying to help others. Furthermore, such projects as Greenpeace and Hands Across America have been of upmost importance to him. It is time we, all MONKEE fans, pull together and show this man just how very special he is to us. A donation to Alcoholics and Narcotics Anonymous and Greenpeace in honor of him would mean a great deal. So, please take time for Peter today by sending in what ever you can. Peter will be given a list with all the names and addresses of those who donated. You will not only be showing a very special person how much he means to us, but you will be helping others all across the country to benefit from our love gift to Peter.

Jessie Broom
1406 Wright Street
Chattanooga, TN 37412

Dear Members:

A white card was included with this newsletter. Please sign your name and return to For Pete's Sake before January 1. It is for a special birthday card for Peter. We must have them by Jan. 1. and we want everyone to send them in. No messages please, just your autograph! Thanks!!!

NEW TORK STOCK EXCHANGE

The Nation of Belgravia! Fanclub for Peter Tork. For more info send a SASE to: The Nation of Belgravia, c/o Joy Girdner, President, 452 Co. Rd. 204, Fremont, OH 43420

For Sale: Excellent photos taken 8/14/87 at Fingerlakes, NY. SASE and 25¢ for photo copied list: Photos, A. Seymour 2439 Spencerport Rd. Spencerport, NY 14559.

Wanted: Information and pictures of Alan Green. Also his Arlan Day album. Sarah Iskra, 711 2nd Ave. Bristol, PA 19007.

1987 Monkee Convention and concert pics for sale or trade. Great Quality! 200mm zoom lens used. For info send Long SASE to: Torkmented, RD #2 Box 367 Lake St. Stillwater, NY 12170.

FOR SALE: 1987 Interview with the Monkees on local radio show. Excellent quality- 90 minutes: $10.00. Also, 3 beautiful photos of Peter backstage at the Pacific Amphitheatre. All 3 for: $6.00. Nadine Sandauer, 8219 Hydra Lane, San Diego, CA 92126.

For Sale: Bid only: 2 lp originals. TV offer, Who's Got The Button?, Hippy Hippy Shake, Austrialian 86 tour program, 1967 BW mini trading cards (set of 25), small rare poster of Peter Tork from 1981, That Was Then This Is Now 12 radio promo, Monkee Spectacular original #9,4 &11 (each missing a few pages, about 2-4), Monkees Go Mod (worn cover). All items listed are in mint condition unless otherwise noted. Also available are some rare audios (mostly of Peter Tork). Send SASE for list. Debbie Morsberger 12254 Etchison Road, Ellicott City, MD 21043.

FOR SALE: Beautiful antique Harp. Used only by famous musician. Many other instruments for sale. All at reasonable terms. Contact Mr. Zero, (666)666-0376.

ATTENTION MONKEELOVERS: Do you want to join a new and exciting club? Do you want to be in touch with other Monkeelovers? Then join our club. Send SASE to Monkeelovers Unlimited, c/o Ann Blaney, 14 Parkview Rd., Long Valley, NJ 07853.

Hoping for a Face to love. Must have mutual understanding and be able to withstand a direct question. I am a 15 year old ballet dancer with very fine red shoes. Contact: Natasha P., 14132 Pierce St. Arleta, CA 91331.

Wanted: Anything on Peter Tork. Will trade entire collection of Micky, Mike and Davy. Write: Teresa Hofheins, 3368 South 1100 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106.

A new fan club is trying to start. We need your help. Please send in articles and pitures, or stories and personal experiences. Send to: The Purple Flower Gang, 2852 English Rd., Rochester, NY 14616. You may also send a SASE for more information on this club.

Anyone get pictures of Peter and Weird Al at the =reek or Weird Al during "Pleasant Valley Sunday"? Send me lists! Kathy Jackson (Frodis) 4439 Burgundy Dr. Flint, MI 48506

Wanted: Any of Pete's solo singles (Steppin' Stone, Get Back, etc.), the Rui Chi song, audio on the reunion concert with Mike, the bootlegs of unreleased material (Monkeeshines) absolutely anything on Peter. Torkaholic pen pals also wanted. Tricia Wilke, 1305 West 'A' Street, Iron Mountain, MI 49801

Wanted: picture of Davy taking the rose from my sister in "I Wanna Be Free" at RPI, Troy, NY 10-10-86. I was holding her up to reach across the barrier. Can anyone help? Send info and prices to: Melissa S. Lear, 10515 Saratoga Road, South Glens Falls, NY 12803.

Wanted: Roommate(s) to move to the Village this summer. I'm 21, earning a living as a private duty nursing assistant, but am really a writer and poet. I really dig the 60's, love the Monkees, especially Peter! I'm suffocating in a small town in upstate New York. Anyone interested in sharing expenses in the city (I've lived in a co-ed dorm, so M or F roommates are groovy) Write me. Also anyone who wants to be penpals with a neo- "flower power" poet and Monkee Junkie, write. I met Micky and Peter this year and would love to trades stories, pics, etc. Write: Melissa S. Lear, 10515 Saratoga Rd. South Glens Falls, NY 12803.

"No Time" to wait! Send a SASE on the "Last Train To Clarksville" to Monkee Menagerie 3025 Wadlow St. Pittsburgh, PA 15212.

My neice and nephew are looking for Monkees pen pals to share their mania with. If you're between the ages of 9-13, please write to: Jenny Anderson and Shawn Zubrzycki, 1023 E. Bush Ave., St. Paul, MN 55106. Thanks!

For Sale: 1967 re-release poster of guys in raincoats, perfect cond. $3.00. Also Peter's 1981 Japan concert on video $15.00 VHS only Teresa Hofheins, 3368 South 1100 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106.

For Pete's Sake, The Peter Tork Fan Club is a registered member of the National Association of Fan Clubs. Membership dues are $7.00 yearly. The New Tork Times is published bi-monthly. Ads are free to members. Deadline for news, articles and ads for the February/March issue is January 1, 1988. Back issues of the New Tork Times are $1.50 each, please specify issue number when ordering.

INK MATES

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Memphis, TN 38106

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Sherman Oaks, Ca 91423

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Huntington, WV 25704

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Portland, OR 97215

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East Providence, RI 02914

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Anaheim, CA 92815

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Norristown, PA 19403

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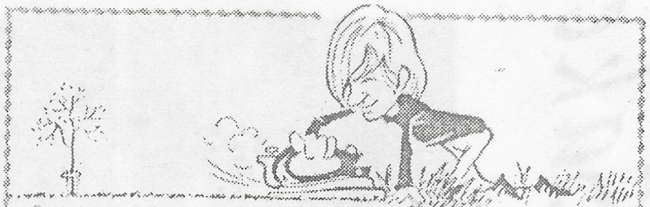
Pittsford, NY 11453

Melissa Amrein, 23
5025 Relleum Ave.
Cincinnati, OH 45238

Teresa Hofheins, 26
3368 South 1100 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84106

That Face...



Pete's got his own method of taking the creases out of a lawn

FOR PETE'S SAKE
THE PETER TORK FAN CLUB
1084 Nocturne Drive
Salt Lake City, Utah 84116

SALT LAKE CITY UT 841
DEC 8
1987
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